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## Mr. Dooley on the Presidency

By F. P. DUNNE.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "a few days me frind, William Taft, will begin his vacation, an' I must say 'tis well-deserved. I can see him goin' back to the White House on the fourth of March, lookin' the dure, crawlin' into bed an' sayin', 'Don't wake me up till eleven o'clock, please, I'm tired an' I'll be in bed.'"

I often wanted to be President iv the United States. It looked an aisy way to get the money. But ye cudden't give me the job now at anny price. I thought iv the President-lect settin' back whin the returns had all come in, lightin' a cigar, remarkin', as his face changed gradually frim green to red, that he had never been in doubt iv the issue at anny time, an' as soon as his teeth stopped chatterin' he wud make a more extended statement, an' then settin' down to wonder why the almanack put so many days an' nights between November an' March, an' made thin iv such unusual lenth. I little knew, Hinnessy, I little knew. In the first place, William Taft was not illected at all in November. He was not, I tell ye. Now, don't ye get excited an' illy-graft to William Jennings Bryan not to give up hope till the returns are all in. It won't do anny good. William Taft was not illected in November, but he was illected the other day. He was, I read it in the pa-per. An' who illected him? Sweeney. Yes, an' Sweeney, the motorman. The fellow with the red hair an' an' eye gone. That's the man. It was the imperial suffrage iv Sweeney that made it possible frim William Taft to speak his piece frim the grandstand in front iv the White House next Thursday without bein' knocked down by a policeman.

"I'll tell ye how it was. Ye don't know the Constitution iv the United States. Ye never read it. The first thing ye know, d'ye know what'll happen to ye? Ye'll be an attorney-general or a senator at last, well, annyhow, ye always thought the Constitution iv the United States said that ivry four years the mills shud shut down an' the 'sailors' close up except the side door (rap twice), an' millions iv ye an' ye'er frinds shud swarm to the polls an' defeat a peerless leader iv Democracy, while thousands

iv fellows ye never heard iv assembled elsewhere an' illected a Republican by a prodigious majority. An' how ye cheered whin the first returns come in frim Texas, which are the same as Confederate money, an' how ye groaned whin the returns come in frim Pennsylvania, which are the only wants that seem to count. An' thin ye want home an' thought it was all over, an' prap' 'twas frim the best to have a man in the presidency that the business interests iv the country coud look to; an' annyhow William Jennings Bryan made a good fight an' ye hoped that wud be the last iv him. Ye thought ye voted fr Bryan an' against Taft. But who ye really voted fr was an Egyptian be the name iv Joseph Macynooze, high chief iv the 'excavators' union, an' the way ye voted against was none other than ye'er old frind, the gong slammer, Sweeney.

"Win told me," Sweeney, I never thought much iv Sweeney as a public man, although he's a powerful lad with the brakes. An athlete that with a twist iv the wrist can lift a man iv me weight into the air an' hurt him the lenth iv a car, is not to be threatened with disrespect. But I wudden't think iv enthusing the destinies iv the nation to a man that thinks a street-crossin' in the middle iv a block. Yet, if it wasn't fr Sweeney William Taft at this miment might be packin' his trunk to go back to Cincinnati to practice law.

"The caucus that thrust this terrible responsibility on our illustrious frind was held in the back room iv this very retail grocery store. After all the 'payin' jobs' had been distributed the chairman iv the caucus, big Carney, says, 'Well, boys, that ought to be the winning slate. As we're all frinds let's us now adjourn to the counter an' drink success to the party iv Washington an' Lincoln,' says he. 'Hold on there,' says Wiggins, the lawyer, 'ye haven't named anny presidential illector.' 'So we haven't,' says Carney. 'Has anny iv ye a choice?' says he. 'If ye haven't,' he says, 'there's a good poor fellow up my way that might be induced to take it. He's the la-est that is always a candidate fr coroner, an' that the scretary iv the convention puts down on the roll as 'Scattering, wan.' 'Is there annything in the job?' says Schmidt. 'Nawthin' but honor,' says Carney. 'Thin give it to Sweeney,' says the caucus as wan man.

"Iv course, Sweeney accepted it. He didn't think much iv the job at first till Hogan got a copy iv the Constitution that a judge had sold to a second-hand bookstore. Hogan cut the leaves iv it an' told Sweeney what he found out about presidential illectors. Sweeney give up his job an' bought himself a stove-pipe hat an' a Prince Albert coat. He said very little durin' the campaign, but he smiled whin the names iv the candidates were mentioned. 'Ye haven't taken a very active part in the campaign,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I don't think 'twud be at all becomin' to make a public utterance. Anythin' I might say wud be misunderstood. But I'm makin' a quite canvass, an' I believe I'll lead the ticket by a city block,' he says. 'D'ye think a right to get out a few lithographs?' he said.

"Sweeney didn't come out iv the house

on illection day. He thought it wud be undignified. But all day long he cud hear the thramp iv feet iv citizens all over this fair State marchin' to the polls to vote fr Sweeney. A week or so later he come in to see me. 'Well,' says I, 'I s'pose ye'er glad about Taft.' 'Well,' says he, 'knockin' the ashes off his cigar an' lookin' up at the ceiling, 'yes an' no,' he says. 'I agree with some iv his utterances, but in other cases he goes too far. I do not care to commit meself wan way or the other. I have written to him. In the meantime I expect to keep an open mind. There may be others who have asked claims on the presidency,' says he. 'But he was illected,' says I. 'He was not,' says he. 'Thin who was?' says I. 'I was,' says he. 'It is true he spoke fr me an' gave the use iv his name to the head iv the ticket,' he says. 'I'm not frigitin' it. No wan can accuse Peter J. Sweeney iv ingratitude. Anythin' I can do fr Taft in reason, I'll do,' says he. 'But,' says he, 'I owe a joily under the Constitution as a member iv the electoral college, to the thousands iv patriotic citizens who left forge an' factory, workshop, home an' schoolhouse an' gathered at the polls on the day iv last November to cast their imperious suffrage fr me; an' even me frindship fr William Haiteh Taft, even me frindship to

## The Stomach of the Child

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The stomach of a child is the organ above all others upon which the future of a child depends. Bodily development is built up from the food that enters the stomach. It is the essential element in the formation of a child. Most mothers and fathers, however, guard a child from the formation of bad habits, yet in this age our children early become the victims of rich food, overeating and irregular meals.

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from fr his onelfish support iv me cause cannot swerve me wan iota frim me path,' he says. 'Much as I dislike havin' the quite iv family life to mingle in the larger spear iv national politics, me joily to me thrustin' fellow-citizens must lead me on. If I find that Taft the man best suited for the position I'll give it to Taft. But I will consider all candidates dispassionately, an' ye will not be ashamed iv me choice,' says he, placin' his thumbs in the armbolles iv his vest an' walkin' up an' down the room with his chin on his chest.

"Perhaps," says I, 'ye'd like applications fr the job,' says I. 'They will receive proper consideration,' says he. 'I suppose,' says I, 'ye wudden't mind sealed bids with a forfeit enclosed,' says I. 'Well, annyhow, I'm glad that the future iv the nation rests on such broad shoulders. There's only wan thing I want ye to remember, an' that is no wan I've gratiated frim the electoral college into role politics,' says I. 'Go now an' do ye'er duty. Be a fearless man. Vote fr annybody ye please, but don't vote at all unless ye're sure ye're the fastest runner in college frim wan hundred yards to the Marathon distance,' says I.

"No letters as it may seem, Hinnessy, no letters comin' frim William Taft to Sweeney. Divvie the wan. He's a poor politician, that Taft. He didn't seem to think it was worth consoling Sweeney, an' get up to the very miment whin the electoral college met. Sweeney hadn't made up his mind. Wan day he was fr Elihu Root. Another day he wud remark that he was considering the Hinner Cabin Lodge. An' other time he says, 'I wonder if the country wudden't be better off under a good, successful business man. D'ye know anny such?' says he. 'I do not,' says I, 'until Congress stops talkin' about the tariff,' says I.

"So he went down to the electoral college, an' I see him whin he come back. 'Well, me old college chum,' says I, 'how was things at ye'er alma mater?' says I. 'I suppose ye had a fine time singin' the family glees an' givin' the old cheer. Have ye arranged a full-bell match with the Correspondence School?' An' who did ye elect President?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I looked them all over an' considered their qualifications, an' decided that, takin' all things into consideration, Taft was the best that offered among a poor lot,' says he. 'Whin I got down there I found what ye might call the consensus iv opinion was as strong that Taft was the man that I didn't care to express meself,' he says. 'I didn't tell ye what wud've happened to ye if ye'd exercised the inalienable right conferred upon ye by the Constitution,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'what is that?' 'The same that happens to annywan that tries to exercise his inalienable rights under the Constitution,' says I. 'The Republicans wud have first chance to give it to ye; if there were none iv them around the Dimmycrats wud give it to ye, an' if the Dimmycrats were slow, I'd hand it to ye meself as an independent,' says I. 'I know what it is,' says Sweeney. Carney told me. I want to see him before goin' to the electoral college,' says he.

"So Sweeney voted fr Taft, an' all was well. The proceedings were very dignified. In each State iv the Union the electors gathered—men whose names ye will find see upon the walls iv the Hall iv Fame, or read in history, or even in a tellyphone book, but names that shud be enshrined in our hearts. They gathered somewhere, the Lord knows where, an' the great pulses iv the nation stopped while they performed their sacred function.

Solemnly, in an envelope, across wood an' plain, fertile farms an' mountain range, the tidings were carried to the capital iv the nation an' placed reverently in the hands iv the Congress iv the United States. There was a moment iv dread silence. No wan knew, except frim the pa-apers, who had been illected. Suddenly the speaker cried 'Order, gentlemen! There was another moment iv tense excitement. Who wud be illected? Wud it be Taft or Bryan? Or some unknown, who wud direct the countries destinies fr four years? The speaker was pale, an' nervously munched his cigar, but his voice was wonderfully steady as he announced: 'I find that William Haiteh Taft has received all the votes he needs, while William Jennings Bryan is shy a large bunch. Therefore I declare William Haiteh Taft regularly illected President iv the United States. (Laughter an' cries iv 'Are ye shure?') He expected to see crowds in the street that night blowin' horns, but only Hogan, an' me an' Sweeney knew what a close shave Taft had had.

"Taft didn't know. He thought he was President at a quarter past 8 on illection night in November. If he'd only known he might've enjoyed a month or two iv agonizing, but quiet suspense. But the foolish popular returns had been posted on the bulletin boards before ivrybody thought he was President-lect, an' threatened him as such. What he had to do, says ye? What hasn't he had to do? Fr the first thing he was whisked off to see the Pannyma Canal, whisked off to be a twenty-two thousand ton battleship. Fr several days he paced to an' fro on the canal, noting the progress iv the splendid wurruk, that will, as Hogan says, 'wet the Atlantic with the Passylick—the houses iv the cool laborers frim Jamaica, the comfortable quarters iv the engineers an' the baffled attempts iv the mosquitoes to make their nests an' feed their fledglings in the pails iv drinkin' water. He learned to distinguish the Gatun Dam frim the rest iv the mud, allowed the President iv the haughty little republic to swing on his watch chain, an' havin' fully gratified his appetite fr canals, was whisked back again to the hospitality iv the sunny Southland. Ye have read what the sunny Southland done to him. Talk as ye please, the South has not forgot the war. I thought whin I read the bill iv fare at Atlanta that I had never seen annything so toothsome since 'The Jungle' was published. The favorite food iv the Republicans iv the South is a kind iv a rat that lives in a three an' is called the possum. The President-lect havin' said that he had never tasted possum, thousands iv hunters went out an' collected the savory rodents fr him. He had possum roasted, possum fried, possum stewed, possum baked. Whin he sint fr his breakfast the waiter brought him a poached possum on toast. Fr dinner he had a fricasee iv possum; fr supper cold possum. Before he went to bed the landlond brought him a possum sandwich. He said he never tasted possum before. If he iver tastes annything else fr the rest iv his life he's a lucky man.

"Thin he went to New Orleans. This capital is renowned throughout the wuruld as the last refuge iv the Frinch cook. The comity met him at the thrain, an' says they: 'Ye must be hungry after ye'er long fast in Atlanta. Come on an' we'll give ye a taste iv rare Southern cheer.' I won't tell ye the things they hurried at the President-lect. It is enough to say that to-day ye cud dhrodge ivry river in Louisiana an' scrape the bottom iv ivry bayou an' not find annythin' an' crawlin' thing that a Frinch cook

wud think was worth throwin' into the pot. An' that's sayin' a good deal, because a Frinch cook can make a toothsome dinner out of a bar' iv garlice an' a bone collar button—an' wan thaill last ye.

"He tottered back to Augusty, an' the South was avenged. What's he doin' now? He's playin' golf an' havin' his pitcher took. He's rayceivin' diligigations iv prominent citizens in behalf iv Myron T. Herrick. Great dignities are bein' shovled on him. He's been made a Knight iv Pythias an' a Free Mason; honorary captain iv the Pecatonica ball team, high chief ranger iv the Exalted Order iv Pullman Palace Car Porters. As a crownin' honor he was given a bankit the other day by the business men iv Cincinnati. The pa-apers say he enjoyed himself immensely whin a prominent Cincinnati business man with a pillow stuffed inside his clothes come in an' announced that he was Taft. The joyous souls recited poems they had wrote on the back iv a bill iv lading. There is no better company annywhere thin the business men iv Cincinnati.

"He has practically completed his Cabinet—which will be ample fr all his needs. As fast as each appointment was made secretly, it was announced publicly by the wife iv the man who obtained the coveted honor. It is a good sign iv the intelligence iv our people that the President-lect has been able to choose twenty-four thousand (th-nan-ders to be sure) iv the Treasury. There was some thrubble about the Scretary iv State. William selected Philander Knox fr the job, but some meddlesome fellow run across a copy iv the Constitution, an' says he, 'Knox can't take the job. This against the Constitution.' 'How cud the Constitution say annything against Philander Knox?' says William. 'He wasn't alive whin it was written. An' annyhow, half the time the Constitution says what it don't mean.' 'The Constitution has to be made to suit the circumstances,' says William. An' Philander Knox got the job. He is a constitutional lawyer he thrade. 'An' there ye are, Hinnessy. In a few days now a new hand will be at

the till iv the ship iv state, as the pots calls it. But ye won't notice the change. Wan captain comes along an' sets all the sail, hollers his orders through a megaphone an' knocks down the crew with a belayin' pin. Another ties down the tiller an' goes into the cabin an' plays spile-five with the mate. It's all wan to us so long as the old scow floats an' we don't run into annything in the dark. The principal thing ye can ask iv a boat is does she float. Anythin' else is exthry. An' this wan'll float as long as ye an' the likes iv ye that are the planks an' bolts in the hull hold together. Ye may groan an' creak in bad weather, but if ye don't fall out the ship's safe enough. Thin the sails an' spars or the autymatic planny in the captain's cabin that keeps it up, but the planks that never get their heads above wather."

"Is there annything in the law to prevent a man that's been made an illector frim votin' fr annywan he pleases?" asked Mr. Hinnessy. "Thin why don't he do it?" "Because there's nawthin' in the law 'rbiddin' him to do it," said Mr. Dooley. (Copyright, 1909, by H. H. McClure & Company.)

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